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CHRISTMAS MORN.

What stills the roaring wint'ry blast,
Or makes the snow-flakes fall so gently?
Why beats the heart with joy so fast,
When chiming bells invite so friendly?

Oh, wonder not—'tis Christmas morn;
A day, the gladdest of the year;
For Bethl'hem's cave, till now forlorn,
Contains a treasure — Jesus dear.

Oh, see the tiny little Babe,
So helpless, yet so full of might!
Tis love Him in the manger laid
This cold and bleak December night.

Thou happy Mother, Virgin still,
Who for mankind a Savior bore:
Pray Him our hearts with grace to fill,
That we may love Him evermore.

R. H. MONNIN, '03.



THE NATIVITY ODE.

SMALL productions often penned in leisure moments have made names famous. The "Ode to the Passions," "The Ode to Evening," "Alexander's Feast," "The Psalm of Life," and "The Cloud," have each inscribed the names of their authors in the annals of literature. Such the "Ode to the Nativity" would have done for Milton, had his name not been subscribed to the greatest epic of our language.

What feelings must not have inspired his lofty genius when he set down the beautiful and spirit-breathing lines of the Nativity Ode. The poem consists of two parts, the pre-amble and the poem proper. The first stanzas of the pre-amble are a poem in themselves. They are the thoughts of the author himself musing on the day and its import, and though the poem proper be also from the poet's mind, yet it is disguised under the song of the muse. He calls upon his muse as if about to begin a great epic, to sing the deeds of a great nation or hero, and indeed, he does draw us heart and soul to contemplate the greatest of all events, the birth of God made man. He calls upon his muse to sing an humble ode, yet the sentiment embodied in the issue of his appeal develops into soaring heights common only to the author of *Paradise Lost*. The entire production is the lay of a heart joyous in the event and delighted in the contemplation of the grandeur of the scene.

The Ode proper begins with a nature description, a picture of the "Winter wild" and the "Babe's" relation to it. The description itself is presented in grandeur; it reminds us at once of Thompson's "Winter." But Milton devotes but two stanzas to it, never going into detail, yet comparing winter to summer, as day to night, all complete in itself, we see all in one grand panorama. He makes all nature subservient to the Heaven-born Child, forgetting that if this great event had not taken place, nature would have followed the same law. The sun is described, in accordance with the ancient Norse myth, as the lusty paramour of the earth. The image of personified Peace is placed before us vividly as we never beheld her before. The description of her office and her work, suggested by the thought of the harmony then reigning in the midst of men, is a delightful contrast to the lines in *Paradise Lost*: "Now storming fury rose". The relations of men, nature and the state of the elements on that particular night, are paraded before us in one grand effusion of poetical imagery. The awe expressed in the following is characteristic of Milton:—

The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave."

The thought of the last three lines being the effect of the "wonder of the winds" expressed in the first. The transition to the shepherds and through them to man in general, picturing their thoughts and works as in entire ignorance of the

great event, is but a glance, yet very impressive. Then he rejoices in the description of the heavenly music; this is beyond doubt the most beautiful part of the Ode:—

“When music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never any mortal finger strook.”

The poet seems to have meant more by his music than the sound of the “angelic quire”, saying as he does, “their ears and hearts”. It conveys the thought of the grace that moved them to adoration, the love of God moving the hearts of man. The adjectives used in the description of “shamefaced night”, “the helmed cherubim” and the “sworded seraphim”, and the lines that complete the stanza, tell us more than a long description. The appeal to the “crystal spheres” follows:

“Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears
If you have power to touch our senses so:
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven’s deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.”

Pondering over the effect of such “angelic symphony,” he leads us to the death scene of Vanity, to greet the coming of Truth and Justice with Mercy as their guide, and lastly, he believes that earth is a partaker of the joys of Heaven. But with a sudden jar the celestial gates are closed and Fate confronts us, even wisest Fate says, “No”. We must first accompany the “Babe of

Bethlehem to Calvary to the Cross. We must wait awhile, but we are consoled with the following:

"And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old Dragon, underground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail."

What sentiments of horror and scorn are not expressed in the last of the above lines!

Milton's description of the oracles reminds one of the scenes of the Pandemonium; it inspires triumph, satisfaction, but in the sense of right as partakers of the divine mercies. He not only dashes the idols to pieces, but his lines are more evidently directed at the spirits that haunt them and make them a horror, and places these latter in submission to the "Babe of Bethlehem." The one line describing the pagan priest tells us more of him than many authors have done in pages. He is merely alluded to as bearing a relation to the idols, or rather to the spirits that infest them. Rarely do we meet with such vehemence and abhorrence expressed without any tinge of loathness or disgust to the reader. Spenser has tried to depict "monsters vile" in his *Faerie Queene*, but his monsters are but earthly and do not convey the meaning by far so forcibly as do the representations of Milton's "infernal crew." He makes us feel as he does in his description.

The poem ends as suddenly as it begins; it passes over us like a few minutes of sunlight on a

cloudy day; one thought leads to another; we enter the penumbra, the umbra and recede again ere we realize it, the entire poem ending in a thought of rest and glory.

The reading of Milton's Ode will awaken remembrances of the lines of other poets on the same subject. Almost every poet that could claim some of the public attention has not neglected to write something relating to the Birth of the Savior. Even men who had little faith in Him have added their share to the solemnity; lines evoked by their better natures. But of all the productions we have read, either in prose or verse, that could claim a place in English literature, Faber's "Bethlehem," Southwell's "Burning Babe", and a few others, well bear a comparison with Milton's Ode. We may be amiss in comparing Faber's prose with Milton's poetry, yet we can do so and esteem both the more. Milton's muse did not, in my estimation, express what the heart felt; the heart was burning, but the expression was chiseled out of cold marble, a sculptured monument, beautiful and elevated in grandeur. Milton's Ode may fill us with the admiration of its beauty, with sublime and far-reaching sentiments, but it will not excite devotion as Faber's will. Milton's Ode carries us to thoughts of majesty and might, it leaves us there with a dry soul. Faber consulting more the spiritual side of the theme, leaves a refreshing dew upon the soul. Milton presents to us a medley of the grand thoughts of a poet, and they proceed in majestic order from one circumstance to another in poetical fancy. His Ode abounds in high phrases and

deep figures bearing with them a maze of thought and a pleasing recollection. The study of Faber's work leaves us with thoughts of love and adoration. Milton makes us rejoice that the Redeemer has come, and has bound Satan "in stricter limits." Milton's ode elevates the mind but not the heart. His poem dwells on the "Babe of Bethlehem" as a theme under which to arrange his thoughts; it is a most holy theme, and he treats it in a Miltonic way. The lines—

"Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show his God-head true,
Can in his swaddling clothes control the damned crew"—

breathe a spirit of irreverence, or a kind of vague familiarity as if the "Babe" were coming from the lists in proud march. But the lines have a double-point of view. To read Milton's poem fills us with delight and triumph, but he would depict the grandeur of a God made man. Faber does likewise, but he prepares us for the scene by showing us the necessity and the greatness of the act. Faber calls the Infant Savior his God. Milton does the same, but under the appellation of "The Babe of Bethlehem." He calls him "the great Pan", though forgetting perhaps that the Jewish shepherds were worshippers of the true God, and that he has hurled a scorn on the "damned crew." Milton makes all nature subservient to the "great Master;" Faber shows us the humility of The Infant God, The Redeemer of man, making him a sufferer alike with man, subject to the laws of nature. Both have alluded to the stars, but in a different sense, Milton's:—

"The stars in deep amaze
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence."

Faber's:—"To me there is something quite awful in the silent drifting of the stars over Bethlehem that night." Both quotations are expressive of thoughts that may arise on such a meaning night. Shakespeare, too, has lent us an image of the Nativity in his *Hamlet*:—

"Some say that ever against that season comes,
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The cock of morn crows all nightlong
* * * * *
The nights are wholesome;
So hallowed so gracious is the time."

In this we also have a thought of the "damned crew" and of the sacredness of the season.

Though the "Nativity Ode" may receive its criticism for the arraignment of the heathen gods with that of the Infant Redeemer, we think Milton's descripton of them has only been equaled by the scenes of the immortal production of his own pen, "Paradise Lost." The pictures of the "angelic quire" in contrast to the "damned crew" will always be looked upon as miniatures of the grand scenes of the 'great English Epic'. Despite the faults some may find, "The Nativity Ode" will always be remembered for its beauty, for its warmth of thought and poetical expression.

I. A. Wagner, '04.

CHRISTMAS.

Night greets the day
The kiss of peace exchanging,
Softly away
The chill night's breath is floating.
No star is seen
On heaven's canopy;
How long has been
The world awaiting Christ, the Savior blest!

What glorious light
Like thousand suns aglowing
Breaks thro' the night!
Angelic hosts descended
To Bethlehem,
Where Jesus born of Mary
Presents to them
The wonders of His love—Himself as Man.

O Holy Child,
How beam Thy lovely features
With radiance mild!
Goodness divine incarnate,
How sweet Thou art!
My tender little Jesus,
I'll not depart;
But gaze fore'er entranced upon Thy form.

Thou Maiden blest,
Whose heart was undefiled;
O happy breast,
Whereon thy God is sleeping!
Thou Mother of grace,
Fulfil my heart's desire:
My heart emblaze
With all the virtues of thy virgin soul!

POWER OF A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

(PRIZE STORY.)

IN the whole village of S—there was not to be found a sprightlier and more intelligent lad than Laurence LaFontaine, the only son of the burgomaster. Everybody loved him; his mother cherished him as her idol. Ever solicitous to impart to her son a true, moral and christian education, she neglected nothing to enhance the noble, innate qualities of his soul. Laurence, on his part, readily answered to the ardent expectations of his good parents. His manly character and blameless conduct prompted him to such deeds only as behooved a well-reared christian youth.

Laurence was always fond of his books; his studies afforded him the greatest delight. He was so fortunate as to assist at the altar daily, and occasionally when alone in some private chamber, he was wont to imitate the priest in the holy ceremonies of the Mass. No one but his mother, frequently a silent observer of her son's doings, entertained happier anticipations of his future calling. While in her heart she conceived that pious desire of consecrating Laurence to God's holy ministry, her hopes daily grew stronger, and she carefully nurtured the ripening of that holy vocation to which the joyous lad's whole exterior conduct seemed to tend.

Her joy knew no bounds when the day on which Laurence departed for college he knelt before her, begging her blessing and with blushing cheeks confided to her the secret design of his

heart. The happy mother saw the first steps of her heart's affection realized.

Year after year came and passed. Laurence had already spent five years of college life. He had always proved himself a model student. By his assiduous application and sincere devotedness to his studies, he excelled all his class-mates and repeatedly carried off the highest honors at the end of the term. Success crowded all his efforts, and a bright future smilingly beckoned him onward.

Alas, what happened! Laurence was gifted by nature with extraordinary dramatic talents. His powerful eloquence and unsurpassed genius bore him aloft into the uppermost ranks of his college-mates. He participated in every dramatic rendition and was always hailed as the star actor. In short, he figured eminently as the favorite personage on the stage. Unfortunately, however, these seemingly glorious appearances led but to soon to fatal consequences. The praises and flatteries of his enthusiastic comrades enkindled in the heart of Laurence a spirit of pride and vain-glory; the repeated applause of his admirers allured and fascinated him more and more to the vanities of a deceitful world. Laurence stimulated rather than quelled in his heart that rising passion for honors and fame. His studies had no longer any charm for him; his whole mind was directed upon a different course: he was already an actor, why could he not perfect himself, and follow this profession? The resolution only too soon succeeded the thought. Without the knowledge and consent of his parents or superiors, he secretly engaged one day to a

famous theatrical troupe, then in the city of Metz, and off he went that same night far—far from home and friends. Pride and ambition had urged him to this rash step.

What a blow to his much esteemed and respected family, and to that poor, sorrow-stricken mother! How could she bear the shock! Her fondest hopes blasted; her ideal child involved in so perilous a career, almost broke her down. Ah, but like another *Mater Dolorosa* she bore the pain of the sword which seemed to rend her maternal heart in twain; she could but pray for her stray son. The father silently repressed his grief; his son's thoughtless act added the deathblow to his already declining health.

And where was Laurence by this time, and what was he doing? In the great city of Paris he had become the object of wonder and admiration. Wherever he made his appearance, tremendous applause awaited him; success, victory and money were his indeed. He had truly become an actor, and that apparently in a very short time.

Four years had elapsed before he was aware of it. The novelty of his new life had long been worn away. For the first time he began to reflect. What had he done? Like an unsurpassable barrier his foolish act rose before his mind. He had plunged himself headlong into the tumult and turbulent pool of the frivolities of the world—to find what?—Peace or contentment?—Far from it. Sorrow and remorse began to gnaw at his heart, and like the son in the parable he cried out: “I will return again to my father and ask his pardon; I

will forfeit all honor and glory to live and labor only for him and my dear mother.

It was a cold and cheerless day in the month of April. From the old village church of S—a funeral procession slowly wended its course towards the cemetery, a little distance outside of the corporation. The burgomaster had peacefully departed from this world and was now borne to his last resting place. All the villagers accompanied the remains, and many a tear bespoke the love and estimation in which the good man was held. Immediately behind the coffin a feeble, stooping form followed. A long black veil covered the venerable countenance which was bordered by an abundance of white and silvery locks. The form was that of the wife of the deceased, Laurence's mother. Grief and sorrow pressed heavily upon her heart, but there were no tears. The well-springs of her eyes had long been exhausted. Words of condolence were proffered her from all sides; yet, what cared she for them? Long ago her heart's only desire was to be resigned to God's holy will. Should she now in her afflictions succumb? With the holy patience of that *one afflicted Mother*, she hopefully looked up to heaven and sighed, "Thy will, O God be done, not mine."

The moon with her dim reddish visage had scarcely entered upon her course in the eastern horizon, when on the evening of the burial a tall human form was seen emerging from the lingering shadows of the woods. The form was that of a man who was rapidly moving toward the graveyard. Carefully, as if espying some hidden object,

he was bent looking closely in every direction. At once he stopped. Like a madman he threw himself upon the newly covered grave, and with showers of heartfelt tears bedewed the fresh earth that harbored the remains of one so dear to him in life. Suddenly he rose up and gazed about. Before him lay the village. How well could he locate every familiar spot! In the distance he perceived a pale reddish light. He knew whence it came. But alas, what a fearful chasm separated him from that once so peaceful hearth! How he longed to behold again the scenes of innocent childhood! How his troubled heart stretched forth its weary wings to that bosom whose every heave is but an impulse to a new and stronger conviction of love and affection! And yet he dared not approach. The very sight of him would tear deeper gashes into that already so distressed and wounded heart. A fierce struggle began to wage within him,— “No,” he cried out in a voice full of sorrow and contrition, “I dare not; I cannot meet her now! No, not now.”—Again he threw himself upon his knees and—prayed, yes, he prayed the prayer of his life. He arose, and retreating quickly, was lost out of sight in the sombre thicket.

Six years again were added to the calendar of time. It was Christmas eve. In the village of S.. a genial peace lingered upon every home. Christmas had many and joyful tidings in store for these simple peasants, and all made due preparation for its coming. In the old romantic church whose massive stone walls had braved many a storm, busy hands had been assiduously occupied since

morning to erect the crib, this striking testimony of our Lord's poverty and lowness.

According to ancient custom the first holy Mass was to be celebrated at midnight. Some good old pious souls always considered it a great honor to spend in the church, those few hours preceding the Mass, contemplating the birth of the Divine Infant in the Crib of Bethlehem. Madame LaFontaine, the burgomaster's widow, although much enfeebled by age and drooping health, was still prompt in the exercise of this pious practice on every recurring occasion. We find her there again wrapped in warm shawls, apparently motionless, kneeling before the crib. In her hands she holds the rosary; her eyes are fixed on the Babe. For two hours has she remained in this attitude, praying earnestly and continuously. All about reigned midnight stillness. Suddenly the clock strikes; eleven—slow and solemn did its beats break upon the silent night. Madame LaFontaine awoke as from a dream. A feeling of awe crept through her very frame. She gazed about, she saw no one. She felt terrified. "Was there no one to watch with her that night? Was she alone? Alone with her God? Resuming her former attitude, she began aloud with deep and fervent sighs to pour out her soul's innermost supplications before her Savior: Grant me, O Lord, but one more request before I die! My son! —my only child — Laurence". — At these words a flood of heartfelt tears nearly choked her voice. She was about to succumb under the pressure of her afflictions, when a hand was placed upon her shoulder. In

an instant she was upon her feet. A tall meagre form, clad in priestly garments confronting her, smilingly reached out his hand to her saying, "Cheer up, good soul, God has heard thy prayer," — "O Father!" — One glimps revealed all. "Can it be possible — Laurence — Laurence — my son — a priest! — Praise be to Thee, O God!" With these words the overjoyed mother sank fainting into the arms of her long lost son, Laurence.

* * * * *

Never before or after was there a happier Christmas in the village of S..... The events of this extraordinary occurrence were recorded in the annals of the parish and remained forever alive in the mouths of the people. Father LaFontaine became a famous missionary as a member of the Redemptorist Order, under whose roof he had found shelter on that memorable night of his father's burial. To the incessant prayers of his loving mother he owed the grace of his conversion.

MAURICE E. EHLERINGER, '05.

THE INFANT CHRIST.

Lo! here in a manger is lying
Shiv'ring and sighing
Jesus, the Lord.

Hail Thou, whom angels in Bethlehem's stable
Wond'ring adored!

DUTIFUL AT LAST.

(PRIZE STORY.)

TIS Christmas Eve. The joys of Yule-tide with its merry chiming bells, carrying messages of hope and love to high and low, had come once more. Innumerable stars glittered in the dark heavens, while mother Earth lay robed in a silvery mantle of crystal. All nature seemed to welcome the Christ-Child, who on the night many years ago lay wrapped in swaddling clothes in a cold, cheerless stable at Bethlehem.

The beautiful little city of Leswood seemed in full harmony with all. Outwardly peace and content reigned over it. But appearances at times are deceptive indeed; for, under the serene and tranquil sky, in the parlor of a magnificent home on the outskirts of the city, a venerable old man with tears in his eyes and a bright-eyed youth in the last of his teens, stood facing each other like angry combatants. The bitter words that passed between them one would never imagine could be uttered by Mr. Dehay and his only idolized son, a passionate, self-willed youth, who now determined to leave the home of his father to follow his own inclinations more readily. The thought of George's resolve so enraged his father, who had already planned the future for his son, that he even threatened to disinherit him. Kind and indulgent as his father had been towards him, George at present well understood the importance of his words. Still the whimsical lad was determined, and he abruptly left the room as his father said: "Remember, George, if you do as you propose,

you affront my fondest wishes and a father's blessings cannot be with you." Knowing the ill-temper of his son, Mr. Dehay believed that he would repent within an hour and forget his youthful folly. However, not so; after leaving his father, George rushed to his own apartment, packed his trunk and made all necessary arrangements for an immediate departure.

The hours wore on, and as the bells solemnly pealed through the frosty air summoning the faithful to midnight Mass, 'The Limited Express' rushed out of the city, carrying George Dehay away from all he loved, leaving peace and happiness forever behind him.

* * *

Four weeks had passed since George's departure, when Mr. Dehay received a note from him stating that he had enlisted and would leave the country within twenty-four hours together with a companion whose evil influence the zealous father had long learned to fear. Beyond this he gave no further clue to his future. The indifference of the son preyed heavily upon the mind of the father who thought that he would never see his son again.

However, the heart-stricken man had been sadly deceived. For, instead of doing as he had written to his father, George had merely used that as a stratagem to prevent his being traced, and in the meantime he and Jack had gone to New York. Having arrived at the metropolis of the East, nothing was too good for the wayward youths. Indeed, all was well as long as they had any money,

but when this was wanting, their next scheme was to devise a means of obtaining the same. George would readily seek employment, but labor being naturally averse to Jack, the latter proposed an easier means of making a living. Resuming his fiendish practice of picking pockets, Jack soon led the way to greater crimes while George seconded the act. Thus the two lads by degrees strayed from bad to worse, committing crime after crime, until at last they knew no bounds. But while they are thus seeking their own ruin, let us return to the happy home which George left behind and see what had transpired since his departure.

Eighteen months had wearily dragged on since Mr. Dehay had lost his son. The strain naturally weighing heavily upon him was all the more intense when he realized that his immense business had to be transacted by strangers, since he on account of physical infirmities was unable to do so. How happy he would have been if George were with him, and above all, be a dutiful son. But alas! George was his no more, he had no son;—who knows, perhaps he was already killed. Such were the thoughts that continually swept through the mind of the anxious father. The more he thought of his son the heavier his burden seemed to grow.

Thus time passed on and the cold November days had set in. Late one night when cold and sleet contended to freeze the lap of the earth, Mr. Dehay received a note, the hand-writing of which seemed greatly familiar. A queer feeling took possession of him as he broke the seal and began

to read. Its contents seemed to agitate him. A man in prison wished to see him; he begged him to come. In vain he sought to suppress the suspicions that forced themselves upon him. He immediately left for New York, and with considerable difficulty gained admittance to the prison. Having explained the purpose of his coming, he was led down a long passage with cells like caves on either side. Many piercing eyes were rolled at him as he passed along. At last the warden stopped before a cell and proceeded to unlock its iron door. In a moment a care-worn youth lay at the feet of his father, and with one shriek of terror George cried out, "Father, forgive me, father, for I am innocent!" Oh, what a moment! Was the prisoner his long-looked-for son? "George, in this place must I find you!" Then he thought of all that might have been, and a certain family pride swept over him; but filial love could not be overcome, and immediately they were in each other's arms. George then briefly explained the past and endeavored to convince his father of his innocence, but judging from his reckless conduct, his story could scarcely bear credit. Then the father again admonished his son and inspired him with hope, but now the allotted time was over. Father and son clasped hands as if for the last time, and the cruel iron gratings again put a barrier between them.

A year had passed since George's interview with his father. A year full of grief and remorse spent in a dark lonely prison. While thus musing to himself, our prisoner was suddenly interrupted by the voice of the warden who stood before him.

Without any explanation he was again handcuffed and asked to follow the official. He knew not what had happened, neither did he dare to ask any questions. Under guard of the warden he was marched to St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Arriving at the hospital, the door-bell was sounded and a few minutes later George, still under guard, was ushered to the bedside of a man in the agony of death. An aged priest bending over the attenuated form beckoned him to approach. A gentle smile stole over the rough countenance of the dying man as he beheld George, and with a last effort Jack raised his voice and confessed how he had been the perpetrator of the crime of which George Dehay had been falsely accused. Now all was over and the repentant soul had fled to its Maker. The priest closed the sightless eyes and congratulated George who stood with tears in his eyes in an attitude of prayer. Though his innocence was now confirmed, the thought of Jack caused him to raise his voice in prayer: "O God grant him eternal peace", was all he said.

* * * *

Once more 'tis Christmas eve. Three long years have passed since that sorrowful dialogue between father and son had taken place at the home of Mr. Dehay. The scene at present, however, is far different. Every apartment of the stately mansion is brightly lit up and the heart of every inmate is bounding with joy. Tis an ideal Christmas Eve. Nature herself bespeaks the joyful tide. Cheerfulness and happiness have once more found their way into the home so desolate

and dreary for the past few years. But now 'tis time for midnight Mass, and while the bells still send forth their Christmas chimes, a beautiful carriage is drawn up before the mansion already described. As the driver stops we see an elderly man with silvery locks approaching leaning on the arm of at all, handsome gentleman. They enter. The carriage rolls on, not a word is said. Their hearts feel more than tongue can speak. But while at Mass that night they knelt at each other's side, both prayed as only a father and son could pray. The one giving thanks for the return and conversion of a wayward son, the other for having been spared to repay the cares of a kind father and—learn obedience at last.

JOS. H. STEINBRUNNER, '05.

ETERNAL LOVE.

A silent grave 's prepared for thee,
Where sweetest rest is surely thine,
Whence daily Thou awak'st to see
Thy son and walk through life with me.
Eternal love, yes, thou art mine!

An angel pale stood at thy side
And kissed thee, held thee in embrace.
'Twas cruel death—thy face grew white,
Thy eyes fore'er closed to the light;
O'er me that angel poured out grace.

And mother, ne'er wert thou more fair
Than now when dressed as death's young bride.
For roses clasp thy hands in prayer,
A nuptial wreath adorns thy hair;
O happiness, thou art my pride.

I begged a flower for merry play
 And called thy name, began to weep,
 Impatient at the strange delay.
 But as thy soul had fled away,
 My sobs could not arouse thy sleep.

And kindly I was told to wait,
 "For mother sleeps and dreams of you;
 But soon she'll come and will relate
 Her dreams and tell of heroes great;
 And flowers and roses she'll bring, too."

Yes, thou disdt come and in my breast
 Hast struck the fount of happy song.
 Thy presence and thy prayers me blessed:
 Beneath thy wings of love I rest:
 Oh, prayer of mother's love is strong!

Thou art burried in my love—a spot
 Where flowers sprout that never die,
 Where violet, rose, forget-me-not
 From tears, love's tribute, were begot;
 And in their bloom thou seemest nigh.

The seeds thou sowest never cease
 But flowers bloom in endless spring;
 Their perfume 's borne upon the breeze
 That plays about the willow trees,
 And from the trees sweet echoes ring.

The wound thy death struck in my heart
 Breaks out anew, despite my care.
 Thou with thy blessings kill the smart
 Let me reside where thou now art,
 Or with thy love but enter there.

Hence I prepared a grave for thee
 Where sweetest rest is surely thine:
 Whence daily thou awak'st to see
 Thy son and walk through life with me.
 Eternal love, yes, thou art mine.

CHARLEMAGNE.

GLANCING over the pages of history we find many rulers who possessed various qualities and abilities proper to their station. Some excelled in the enactment of wise laws that caused a flourishing condition among the cities of the realm; others there are whose reigns stand out prominently for the cultivation and liberal promotion of the arts and sciences. However, we do not often meet with sovereigns who had all these characteristics to an eminent degree, and who never seemed wanting in those particular qualities which every ruler should have, if he wishes to be loved by his subjects, respected by his contemporaries, and feared by his enemies. The subject of this sketch seems to have been one of those great men who was equal to any emergency and whose genius conceived and formed plans which on a first thought appear to be wholly utopian, but brought them to a successful issue.

Every nation has at one time or another in its history produced men whose lives were the embodiment of so many noteworthy actions and victories that their fame was not confined to the narrow limits of their own country, but extended to the farthest parts of the civilized world. And whenever a nation has had the good fortune to possess men worthy of the epithet *Great*, it fills them with a sense of true national pride, and they celebrate the glories of their heroes in poetry, painting and sculpture. And this is a truly com-

mendable practice when the recipient of these signal distinctions has merited them.

The French nation also has its heroes, and especially one who compares favorably with the greatest men of all ages and climes. The achievements and character of Charlemage are such that they cannot fail to call forth the admiration and respect of all impartial students of history. In many regards the life of this man presents such an array of great and noble actions that few, if any, have ever equaled this personage in the number, variety, nobleness and greatness of his achievements.

Charlemagne was the son of Pepin, king of France. It certainly would have been sufficient to perpetuate the name of the subject of this sketch in glory had he been as great a ruler as his father; but when we examine the pages of history and find that Pepin was greatly surpassed by his son, our amazement at the greatness of Charlemagne becomes all the more intense.

He was pre-eminently a great warrior. Scores of nations felt the power of his military force, and were compelled to acknowledge the French monarch as their sovereign. But it must be remembered that while this hero made many and great conquests, he did so, imbued with different motives than were most conquerors of the time. He did not acquire all these countries simply for the purpose of acquiring a greater extent of territory. To shed so much blood and cause so many sufferings for this reason only, would surely not be a mode of warfare proceeding from the noblest and

most necessary motives. Whenever Charlemagne did declare war against a people, he did so because he was forced to this issue by the haughtiness and insolence of restless tribes, or because he felt constrained to take the step for the sake of Christianity and the spread of civilization. In this point the French ruler stands alone among the mighty conquerors of the world, and this fact is one of the essential qualities of his greatness, and one, too, that commands the unstinted praise of posterity. Would that war was always declared upon such principles, then to-day we would find nations having more of a mutual regard and respect for the laws and rights of each other.

Charlemagne was always ready and willing to defend the authority of the Catholic Church. This truth more than any other shows the high principle which actuated all his plans and endeavors. The Pope had simply to inform the King of the necessity of defending the papal states against the inroads and persecutions of wicked princes, and at once he received help from the French sovereign. The grants that Pepin had made to the Holy See were confirmed by his son, and he even greatly enlarged the papal dominions. Truly, in this regard the King was a model for all Christian princes, and the Pope and the Roman people were not insensible to such valuable services. As a mark of gratitude for the benefits he had conferred upon the people and the Church of Rome, Charlemagne was crowned emperor of the Romans by Pope Leo III. on Christmas-day, thereby reviving the Roman empire in the West, after having been

extinct for over three hundred years.

Although this great personage was principally engaged for many years in warlike pursuits, still this was not what he was wont to do most. Other lines of activity were more congenial to his nature. His favorite employment was the regulation of the internal government. He was very desirous that social order should always be preserved, and for this purpose enacted those celebrated laws, *The Capitulars*. These statutes are gems of legal provisions; in fact, they are considered to be the most salutary and useful regulations ever provided for by any acts of French legislation. Charlemagne was not less admirable for the composition of such wise legal measures than for their enforcement. He enforced these laws with unabated vigor, and by so doing he soon corrected any evil that existed in the government and made every effort to insure to all justice and a satisfactory settlement of their claims. He selected his public officers upon the basis of merit only, and so watchful was he over their public acts that if any of them were found guilty of an injustice to his subjects or any act unworthy of a public official, he immediately dismissed him from the office. He was the protector of the oppressed and the weak, and of easy approach to all. It has never been known that anyone presented a grievance to him based upon truth without having it rightly settled. In a word, he so arranged every department of the state that he was familiar with the decisions and practices of all his subordinates, and thus it can easily be seen that it was a very

difficult matter for injustice or oppression to find their way into the administration of the French ruler.

The centuries just previous to the reign of Charlemagne were characterized by an almost total aversion for the arts and sciences. It is a well known truth that whenever war and depredation are carried on to any great extent, literature, the arts and sciences cannot flourish. The environments at these times are not congenial to such practices. And the same was true in the eight century. Education had not been so woefully neglected for centuries. Here again we find Charlemagne the great leader in this re-action in favor of learning. He held out flattering inducements to men of learning from other countries, and if they accepted them, he did everything in his power to aid them in the prosecution of useful and liberal pursuits of knowledge.

The celebrated Englishman, Alcuin, was one of the scholarly men attracted to France by the favorable offers of this patron of learning. Alcuin was the founder of the University of Paris, which in later years became so renowned for the great number of its students and its adherence to true educational ideals. But Charlemagne did not promote education by word only, but also by example. He attended lectures given in the various places for public gatherings and took active part in the discussion of educational interest. In this way he stimulated a desire for knowledge among his people, and the fruits of this movement in favor of learning soon showed themselves in the

cultured minds that were in a short time noticeable in various quarters.

Such are a few observations on the life, character and achievements of Charlemagne. It is an unquestionable fact that in many regards he possessed qualities that are truly remarkable. He was a zealous devotee to the cause of education and religion. He believed in union of *Church* and *State*, and considered it the duty of the state to further the interests of the Church. How well he lived up to this conviction, history tells. The King was a man of solid piety, and he gave so many proofs of sincerity in his religious practices that it cannot be reasonably doubted that he was deeply religious. He had a very amiable and genial disposition, and his temper was so much the same that he never was known to give way to a violent burst of anger. The great merit of the French monarch was that he possessed the faculty of giving strength and dignity to public authority. It must be granted that the social condition at this time was a very difficult matter to contend with, but Charlemagne's personality was so strong that his utterances had great weight with the people, and were the means of bringing order out of chaos. The home life of this ruler was ideal. Here he enjoyed the undisturbed simplicity which he so much desired, and although he was king of a great people, still in his home life you would never have discerned him from the most retired and unassuming of men. When the various accomplishments, projects, virtues and attainments of the French monarch are contemplated, one must not only come to the just conclusion that he

was in every way deserving of the title *Great*, which is a part of his name, but also be convinced that history records few, if any, greater men than Charlemagne.

E. A. WILLS, '03.

THE ORPHAN'S CHRISTMAS-SONG.

The morning's cheeks are blushing fair

With joy he rises in the East;

He swings his banner in the air,

Declares the feast.

It is the joyful Christmas-day.

Within a crib so poor and low

The Son of God in manhood lay,

We homage owe.

O little Jesus, let me kneel

Before Thy manger, let me sing:

A day of joy my heart doth feel—

My heart I bring.

O bless it, sweetest Jesus, make

It pure and holy like Thine own;

'Tis Thine, my Jesus, let it break

For Thee alone.

My father and my mother, too,

Have gone to their eternal rest;

Thou art my little brother true,

Come to my breast!

Alone I now traverse the earth,

No heart save Thine has room for me:

Now at the feast-day of Thy birth

I fly to Thee.

C. P.

BOBBY ATKINS' AFFAIR.

(PRIZE STORY.)

LITTLE Mrs. Atkins trailed her draggled blue morning gown up the hotel stairs with the patience of one used to climbing five flights. Suddenly at the top of the first flight she leaned over the banister: "Bobby," she said quickly, "Bobby," "did you remember to get that washwoman's address?" "Yes—yes", was the hesitating answer, "you will find it in the little memorandum book in the pocket of my smoking jacket," and then he slammed the door and hurried away. Now, when men who are only married two months and forget what their young wives have commanded them, (which Bobby thought he had done) it worries them, but after they are married some time, it's different. Mrs. Atkins hurried up the stairs humming a tune. Bobby's jacket was her best companion when he was gone. It always seemed to welcome her back after long hours of shopping. She would drop her fancy work and look at it and smile. That morning when she took it down she pressed it to her cheek. In the first pocket she found some small change, and with a giggle put it into her pocket. She then found a note which she had written to him some days before. This seemed to please her, but just then Sallie, the girl of all work, entered to slash around the wash-stand, a process she called cleaning, and Mrs. Bobby had to drop the jacket to pick up after her. It was perhaps an hour afterwards when Mrs. Bobby again picked up the jacket. After finding several

of Bobby's secrets noted down in the memorandum, she turned to the last page. She gave a start. Could she believe it? Could Bobby have private acquaintances? There was an address she knew not.

Miss Georgia Johnson,

21 Washington Ave. (Call Thursday)

No, she could not believe it, but it seemed as if an iceberg had fallen on her heart. Could Bobby be calling on Miss Johnson that very moment? She quickly revived her drooping spirits and said to herself, "Bobby would not act so foolish, if he found an address in her pocket-book", and being assured she was wrong, she tripped over to the mirror, wiped her eyes and put some powder on her nose and tried to smile; but still a little frown appeared above her eyes. She made up her mind to attend a matinee.

Bobby had never before missed an evening at home, so she felt so sure of him that she was not fearing. When Bobby came home that night to supper he noticed that little frown above her eyes and began to 'jolly her up'. This made her heart lighter, and after supper ran lightly up stairs to wait on Bobby above while he talked business to a friend. As he left the latter she heard his friend ask him, how the "Old Woman was"? Bobby answered. "She is O. K., she was just (32) thirty-two to-day", and then hurried after his little wife. But when she heard about the "Old Woman" she thought they meant Miss Johnson, and so hurried up to her room and picked up a novel and began to read so Bobby could not

see her face. He went over to her and began to tease her in his old way, but she said nothing. He then told her he had to go down town on business with a friend but would soon be back. "Why certainly go", answered Mrs. Bobby, "don't let me detain you from your business." He noticed the sarcasm in her voice and, picking her up gently, told her to go to bed, for she was not well, and he left. She then formed a little plan and carried it out before he returned.

When he upon his return entered the parlor that evening, Mrs. Bobby was not there. He then went to her room, but still found her not. He was getting uneasy and ran to the land-lady and asked for Mrs. Bobby. She told him in bitter words that she had heard of his scandalous work, and so his wife would stay in the room next to his and would not see him so as not to leave the scandal out. He was bewildered, not knowing what she meant.

He then ran quickly up stairs and begged his wife to come to him into the parlor, but beg as he might, no answer came back. He was in a frenzy. If Mrs. Bobby could have seen him then she would have forgiven him. He knew not what to do. He tried to read but could not, and so he smoked until his nerves were all unstrung. He remained in his room the entire next day until about 4 P.M., when — there came a gentle knock. He bade to enter. The door opened and a tall angular 'nigger', black as the ace of spades, carrying a basket on her head came in. Bobby jumped up. "Oh, 'scuse me," said the woman. "I'se come fo' Mrs.

Atkin's clo'es. Mis' Bently done sent me. She said she gave you mah directions, but you done fo'got." Bobby looked at the woman mystified. Then a wave of recollection swept over him, and he got up and went over to the woman, grasping her arm, "Who are you?" he demanded fiercely. "Are you — Miss Johnson?" "Fo' Lawds sake"! for Bobby had thrown himself on the bed and was rolling over and over in a paroxysm of laughter. The woman put down her basket and gazed in mute astonishment until Bobby got up and walked to his wife's door.

"Dolly," he said in as steady a voice as he could command, "don't come out for my sake, but Miss Johnson is here and would like to speak to you." There was a short silence. Dolly's pride was still paramount. At length, however, there came a rustle. Curiosity had conquered. Little Mrs. Atkins came forth weary and ruffled and stood face to face with Miss Johnson.

"But," said Dolly cuddling closer to Bobby on the couch, "who is the 'Old Woman'?" "Why, that is the Ontario and Western. In Wall Street we call O. W. 'Old Woman', because it never 'gets' over thirty-six. And now, I am going to tell you a secret; I've made a great lot of money for you to spend this last week, and — I made every cent on the 'Old Woman'."

EDWARD J. COOK, '05.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Harken! from the lofty steeple
Floats a lorn and moaning peal,
Like an angel on the night wind
Old Year's tomb fore'er to seal.

Hark again! what joyous chiming
Down flies from those brazen tongues:
"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!
Bury sorrow, utter songs!"

"Now unlock with joy the portals
Of thy soul to hope new-born;
'Nineteen-two' is dead and buried—
And with it all grief and scorn.

"True, new sorrows may await thee;
Let them come, be strong and brave.
Love thy God and do thy duty
Till we ring thee to thy grave."

X. J., '03.



PRAYER

Disperse O Mary, Virin fair,
The heavy clouds, that dark'ning roll,
Enshroned with night my weary soul.
Throw round me with thy tender care
The garb of Innocence so blue,
But set with pearls of penance true.
O Virgin, deign to hear my prayer.—E. F., '03.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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EDITORIALS.

THE COLLEGIAN takes this opportunity to wish to all its friends and readers a *Joyful Christmas* and a *Happy New Year*. May your portion on these days be a joy serene and unalloyed, and may the Infant of Bethlehem shower down upon you his choicest blessings.

ONE of the nation's truly great men died at Washington during the past month. The United States has sustained a great loss in the death of Thomas Brackett Reed. He was without doubt the peer of any living statesman in America. For forty years he was a familiar figure in state and national politics, and during that time took a prominent part in nearly every important deliberation of the legislative bodies to which he belonged. Reed was a member of the House of Representatives for twelve terms and its speaker for three. As speaker of the lower branch of Congress he scored his greatest triumphs. Here, by his celebrated ruling in parliamentary law, he made himself forever famous in the annals of our government. It had been the custom in Congress, for many years for the minority to prevent the majority from carrying on legislation. They did this by refusing to vote, although they were present in their seats. Thus a quorum could not be counted, and hence no business could be transacted. But Speaker Reed always believed that there was some way of overcoming this obstacle, and when the proper time came he did not fail to courageously put forth his ruling upon this subject. He held that "a member who was physically present could not be constructively absent." When Speaker Reed announced this principle of parliamentary law, the Democratic side of the House became frantic and were loud in their denunciations of this mode of procedure. They hissed and jeered the Speaker with various uncomplimentary epithets, one of which, namely "Czar", has since that event

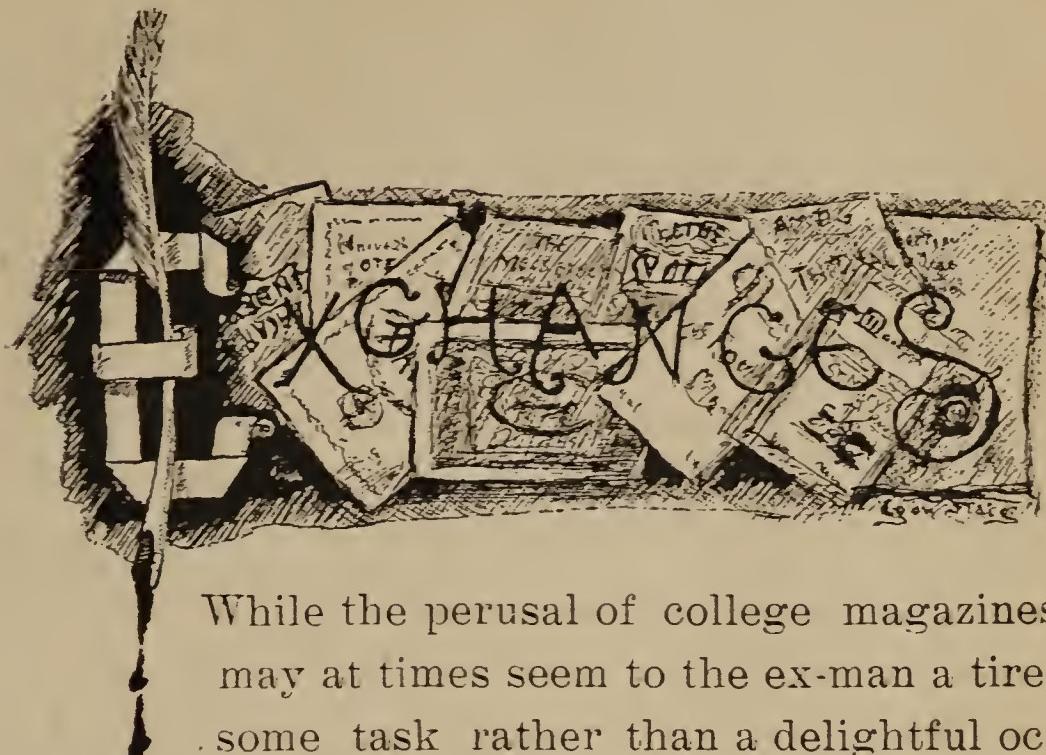
been inseparably connected with his name. The distinguished statesman was sustained in this position by the United States Supreme Court. Moreover, it must have caused him no little satisfaction two years later when the Democrats got control of the House. The very men who had been the most bitter in their denunciations of his course, now adopted the same plan as did Reed. This great man entered public life a poor man and left it in much the same way. This fact alone is one of the greatest tributes to his honesty and integrity, for there is no doubt that if he had not been strictly honest, he could have died independently rich. But he was a man of too lofty a character to be thus tempted, for as an opponent said, who could not help admiring him, "he was essentially honest." Reed was a writer of no mean ability. He was a frequent contributor to periodical literature and was the author of "Modern Eloquence" and "Reed's Rules", a standard work of parliamentary law. He was a master of wit, and as a consequence, was in great demand at banquets and gatherings at which prominent personages attended. Although he was considered by some rough and overbearing, still those who enjoyed the intimacy of his friendship idolized him. A man of great firmness of character, ready faculty of logical reasoning, and vast fund of information, Reed's memory will always be cherished as one of America's greatest and most philosophical statesman.

IN this number of THE COLLEGIAN will be found the prize stories of the three successful con-

testants in the contest inaugurated last month. Some very creditable efforts in fiction were presented, and no doubt every student who entered the race, will concede that he derived much benefit from his efforts made to capture the coveted reward. With few exceptions, the stories were all of sufficient merit to warrant publishing them in THE COLLEGIAN, and we are sorry that space will permit us to publish only three of them. The judges were three Rev. Professors of the English course, and all will certainly agree in concurring with their fair judgment and decision. The STAFF feels grateful to the Rev. gentlemen for the unselfish labors they employed in arriving at a correct decision. No one will deny that to read critically a number of stories is no small task, and for this we feel ourselves indebted to the judges.

IN whatever light it may be considered or from whatever standpoint it may be viewed, Christmas is essentially and pre-eminently a Catholic feast. Before the Son of God came into the world to redeem man and establish His Church, Christmas was unknown. On this day we celebrate the Nativity of Christ, and as the Catholic is the only Church that is the embodiment of His teachings and practices and the only One that has kept them intact, it also is the only Church that can celebrate it with due solemnity and according to its true signification. Every Christmas many non-Catholic churches do not hold services on that day. Instead the members of the congregation, including the minister, go to a Catholic Church. It is no uncommon thing to see Protestant ministers ush-

ered up the aisle to a front seat on that day. Never are Catholic Churches more frequented by people from various other beliefs than on the Birth-day of our Lord. And why is this the case? Because they know that Christmas is first of all a Catholic celebration. They also appreciate the fact that in point of impressive ceremonies the Catholic Church surpasses every other faith. And we know that ceremonies have a tendency to appeal to the feelings of men. Truly, the liturgy of the Church is one of the grandest and most sublime of ceremonies. It is an inspiration to even the most indifferent of persons and aids him to pray confidently and devoutly. Take away the religious solemnity from Christmas, and the various other enjoyments incident to the day would be vain and insipid. The very essence and life-blood of this day is contained in the religious observance, which elevates the soul above the common things of earth and transports it in spirit to celestial realms above. There the angelic choirs cease not to offer their praises to the Great God who once lived upon the earth in order that he might show us the way to never-ending joys. These will be the share of those who always celebrate Christmas and all other feasts of the Church with a pure heart and in a spirit of humility and self-denial, so characteristic of the Child of Bethlehem.



While the perusal of college magazines may at times seem to the ex-man a tiresome task rather than a delightful occupation, it is certainly always attended with some genuine pleasure. A story, "Fiddle-de-dee," in the *Xavier* was the occasion of much joy to us this month. Indeed, we consider it the best fictitious composition that entered our sanctum during the past weeks. The burlesque tenor is well sustained, and the wit and humor are evidently the natural outcropping of the writer's mind. "The Further Adventures of Shylock" we have not been able to appreciate and to enjoy fully, for the gale blew with such opposite currents that we could not determine "which way to trim our sails to catch the force of it." To be a humorous paper some of its scenes are too tragical, yet as a serious composition it is too fabulous. The editorial column contains some very cogent reasons against the shortening of the collegiate course for obtaining the A. B. It is a satisfaction to notice that our eminent American institutions of learning are conscious of the mistake of further curtailing the course of these studies.

"Too Much Fiction," an article in the second number of the *Mountaineer*, is a very correct appreciation of the modern novel-reading. At present there is indeed too much worthless fiction read. Even in the *Mountaineer* this sickness of the day is noticeable. Three stories and one article, and every story longer than the article,— is a very poor proportion. "A Quiet Game of Cards" is too lovely and too romantic, though the character of the negro is fairly well drawn. In "The Stolen Picture" the execution of the plot can claim little praise. The exchanges are good.

Surprised at the gaudy cover of the *Niagara Index*, we became inquisitive for its contents. An oration, "The Catholic Young man," is, in general, a rather trite sermon, interspersed however with some practical truths. "Shakespeare's Portia" and "Shylock" are well-drawn sketches of the two chief characters in the "Merchant of Venice." Though these subjects have been often treated by abler writers, studying them and writing them continues to be one of the most beneficial literary pursuits. College-students cannot justly be expected to devote their precious hours to every minor author, to every living scribbler. For this, their time is much too limited. Shakespeare and similar great literati are the authors from which they should glean their literary knowledge. More than any, they must observe the Latin adage, "Non multa sed multum."

We have the pleasure to welcome another new exchange, the *St. John's Collegian*, from Brooklyn, N. Y. The first issue is evidently the product of

great zeal and energy. It is fraught with solid matter, filled with articles that we consider ideal college compositions. "Books and Reading" and the editorial on "College Education" especially show considerable thought. The verse, it is true, is not always the grandest poetry, but the editors of the *Collegian* seem to be as well acquainted with the rules of Latin prosody as the ordinary student is with those governing English verse. Not even our best exchanges contain so many Latin stanzas as the *St. John's Collegian*. We hope and wish that it will maintain its high standard.

The Viatorian is trying desperately to soar above the common height, for it is plying its wings in the realms of philosophy and of highest literature. Taking the November number as the criterion of its ability, the journal does however not seem to have much overrated its powers. "Dante's Lucifer and Milton's Satan" is very original in its treatment and in its diction, although the writer seems to be somewhat infected with the contagion of those who are unable to find faults in Milton. The second essay on the "Human Soul and its Faculties" is complete in its range, but many of its thoughts are common and known to everybody.

Though the arrangement of the *Young Eagle* is defective, the contributions themselves are not devoid of attraction. The Muses as described in their journal are exceedingly egotistical, and if we were to play Jupiter, we would as punishment award the prize to none. The writings on Schumann are very good as separate performances, though we think one complete article on this great

composer would have been a greater tribute to his honor. The writer of "Celtic Influence Upon English Literature" evades the subject until she has almost reached the conclusion.

A joyful Christmas and a happy New Year to all our exchanges! May the Christ Child bless them with many beautiful inspirations!

THE DEAD WITNESS.

A charm seems to attend the C. L. S. in the rendering of its plays. Never has it given a dramatic entertainment that deceived the expectations of its audience. When the people crowded into the auditorium on the night of Thanksgiving day, they perhaps expected and were willing to excuse mistakes in the rendition of a drama to which only three to four weeks had been allotted for study and practice. However, the participants of the "Dead Witness" needed no such excuses. Even if we do not consider that its effect on the spectators was equal or even greater than that produced by the "Druid's Ambition," the time spent in practicing it must have been regarded by the audience as equally long with that devoted to our last year's commencement play. Many praises are therefore due to the actors, and many praises and thanks to Rev. Mark Hamburger, the director of the play.

The "Dead Witness" was written by the author of the "Druid's Ambition," Bro. Waldron, S. M. While the chief merit of the latter drama consists in the character of the "Druid," whose part



MANZ
CHICAGO

is indeed half the play, the former likewise introduces on the stage a very novel character in the "Fool." The parts of this play, too, are better distributed, and the plot is much more attractive. Several of its romantic situations are indeed somewhat improbable. It may be briefly told as follows:

The Duke of Lent has been sent by his king, Henry V. of England, into Spain, there to fight for his country's cause. Edwin and Alfred, the children of the Duke, remain in the care of his brother Falmouth,—a brother whose character is being depraved more and more in the company of wicked friends, especially of his squire Rufus Tyrrel. Sir John Merlin warns him against the baneful influence of these associates—men who by their nightly gamblings and carousals squander Kent's property—and even threatens to deprive him of the tutorship of the children. The impressions of this interview on Falmouth are soon effaced however by the united mockery of Tyrrel and his accomplices. At this juncture William Norton, "a fool in name but not indeed," enters on the scene, followed after a short interval by Kent, who appears under the guise of a pilgrim. The prying eye of Tyrrel however pierces the disguise, and he is soon informed through a letter brought by a gypsy boy that his suspicions are correct. Falmouth, Tyrrel, and the others, immediately determine to murder Kent; they form their plan and couple it with instant execution. But the idiot nevertheless defeats all their efforts, and even deceives them to such a degree that they believed Kent actually killed.

John Merlin continues in his resolve to remove the children from Falmouth's control. On this account the latter, who is supposed to have dealt the fatal stroke to his brother, after much hesitation is likewise induced by Tyrrel to consent to the murder of the children. Tyrrel then engages a gypsy boy to sprinkle poison on certain berries which Edwin and Alfred will be directed to eat. The idiot again counterfeits this plan, exchanging the poison in the absence of the gypsy for a harmless compound, thus saving "his doves," as he delights to call the children. The idiot's substitute of the poison however is not without effect. Having been sprinkled by the gypsy on the berries, and the berries having been eaten by Edwin and Alfred, both fall into such a deep sleep, that not only Tyrrel but also the other courtiers, who have not been informed otherwise, consider them dead.

Meanwhile Kent determines "to bring his brother to his senses." The latter is already much tormented by the pangs of a reproaching conscience. Ruminating over his deed, he at times sinks into moods that verge on despair. In one of these moments Kent appears to him under the guise of a ghost. Falmouth becomes frantic with terror, but when he afterwards relates the occurrence to Tyrrel, the latter laughs at the apparition, calls it a scheme of the idiot, and determines to murder him at the first meeting. The fool soon enters. Tyrrel at once attacks him, but while raising his dagger for the death blow, the supposed spirit of Kent appears again. The terrific cries of Falmouth arrest the arm of Tyrrel,

he turns to inquire for the cause of his excitement, and at that moment the idiot escapes. In the presence of John Merlin, the children are again introduced as poor beggar-boys, asking an alms for their singing. Tyrrel recognizes them, perceives however that danger is hovering about him, and when they and Merlin have departed, counsels instant flight. But it is too late, for the King whose coming has been previously announced, enters upon the scene. After some time, Norton boldly throws off his disguise, reveals himself as the squire of Kent, and accuses Falmouth of attempting his brother's life, but Tyrrel as the real instigator of the deed. Falmouth denies the truth of these words, calls them the prattle, the senseless cantings of an idiot. But at that crisis the living Kent enters as "The Dead Witness" of Norton's accusations. Tyrrel is condemned and soon commits suicide. Norton is knighted; Falmouth repents and through Kents influence obtains his pardon. The play concludes with the happy union of Kent and his children.

Former readers of the *Collegian* and friends who have attended most of our plays, are already acquainted with the dramatic abilities of Mr. Ehleringer and Mr. Flaherty. Their praises have more than once been sounded in the pages of this journal. Their performances on Thanksgiving night only placed another jewel in the coronet of their stage-honors. Mr. Ehleringer especially was incomparably the best actor of the evening. Mr. Wagner and Mr. Scheidler too, deserve special mention. The Society has certainly not been dis-

appointed in entrusting such importatnt parts to these gentlemen. The hypocritical, devilish character of Rufus Tyrrel was well represented by the former gentleman, though, we think, his pronunciation was sometimes too indistinct in consequence of his fast speaking, and the pitch of his voice too low.

We could continue lavishing encomiums on the several players; there is none who does not deserve praise. As proof we adduce that not only some but all scenes of the drama were completely interesting. In most dramas the principal characters play almost with perfection, while the minor persons act like cold, moving corpses, destroying the effect that has been made by the principal players. "The Dead Witness" was free from this fault, a fact which speaks very highly for the actors. Yet we cannot avoid to mention the truly emotional, national acting of the two little sons of Kent. They appeared in most touching scenes of the play, and we can scarcely conceive the possibility for anyone to act these parts better.

Finally, the C. L. S. wishes hereby to express their sincerest thanks to Father Justin and Prof. Dentinger for having enriched the play with such beautiful music. Without it the play would have lost much of its entertaining tenor, and the evening would have become tiresome.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Henry V., King of England.....	Egon Flraig
Duke of Norfolk	{ Courtiers.....
Marquis of Dorset	{ Raymond Rath Maurice O'Connor

Sir John Merlin.....	A)bin Scheidler
Duke of Kent.....	Remigius Monin
Edwin } Sons of Kent.....	Bernard Condon
Alfred }	David Fitzgerald
A Fool (in name, but not in deed)	Maurice Ehleringer
Lord Falmouth, Brother of Kent.....	William Flaherty
Rufus Tyrell, (a desperate villain).....	Ignatius Wagner
Cantwell }	Paul Welsh
Orton }	Felix Didier
Mandeville, Servant of Fal. and Tyrell.....	Charles Daniel
Gipsy Boy, Messenger for Tyrell.....	John Sullivan
Guards.....	William Lieser
	Matthew Helmig
Bowmen.....	Michael Shea
	John Jones

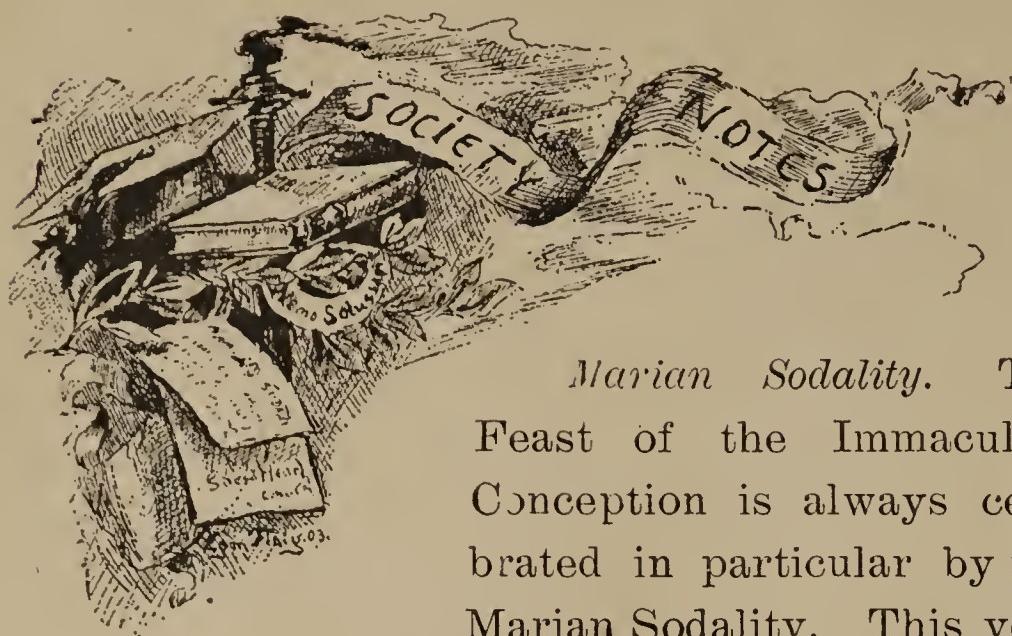
THE PREFECT.

That dear old Will, that dear old Will,
 How many a heart his bell did thrill!
 Of this old Will, and that sweet time
 I will now tell a tale sublime.

When slumber dear doth crawl too near,
 Then you would see that hoary sear,
 With eyes on fire and indignant mien,
 Arouse you from your drowsy spleen.

Then out his book, and down he'll jot
 Your name with ink: "So much for that."
 But when that bell 's began to yell,
 We all join in that music swell.

The sound'd mingle, the bell'd jingle;
 And then we all would tingle
 As in comes the prefect to say,
 "All ye singers, go to chapel and pray."—N.N., '07

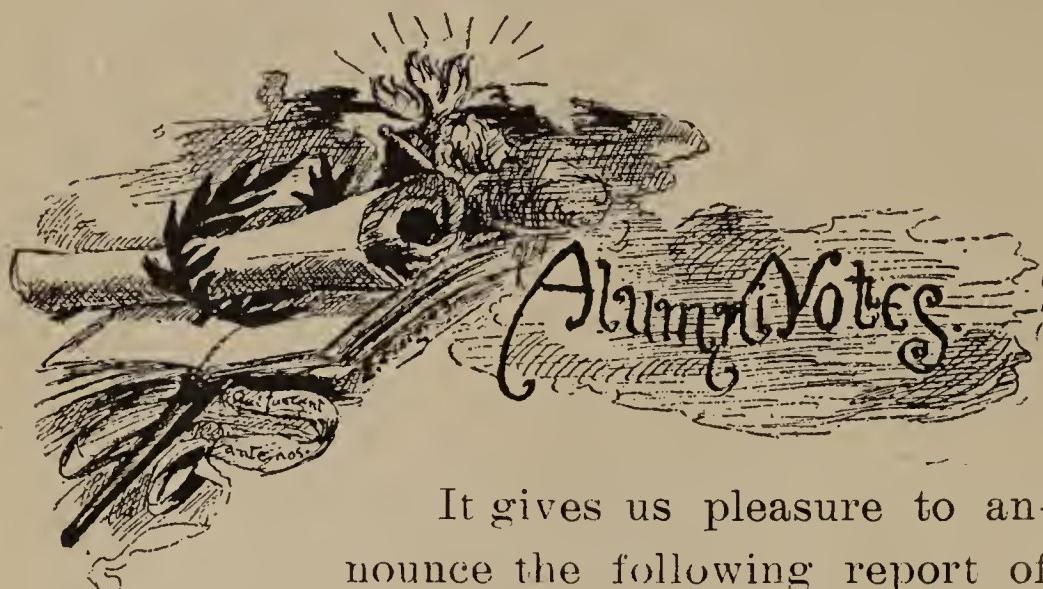


Marian Sodality. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception is always celebrated in particular by the Marian Sodality. This year solemn High Mass was celebrated with Rev. Clement Schuette as celebrant; Rev. Nicholas Welsch as Deacon; Rev. Lucas Rath as Sub-Deacon, and Rev. Chrysostom Hummer as Master of Ceremonies. After Mass Father Hugo, the Moderator of the Sodality, spoke a few words of admonition to the members and explained the great benefits enjoyed by the Children of Mary. The following gentlemen were then admitted into the Sodality: Messrs. W. Rieman, J. Costello, D. Fitzgerald, C. Boeke, J. Sullivan, P. Caesar, M. Lang, A. Solari, P. Peifer, A. Sutter, E. Howe, C. Sankot, J. Notheis, F. Gnibba, J. Saccione, A. Saccione, G. Meier, M. Bodine, J. Lieser, B. Schmitz, L. Bergman, C. Mason, W. Hoffman, P. Miller, J. Connell, P. Conrath, J. Gleason, B. Condon, C. Conlon, T. Coyne, E. Olberding, A. Scherrieb, D. Rada, U. Reitz, P. Bodemiller, F. Burrowes, P. Wiese. Mr. R. Halpin was elected Prefect in the vacancy caused by the departure of Mr. Chas. VanFlandern. Mr. B. Wellman was elected to fill the office of 2nd Assistant Prefect.

C. L. S.	The Columbians were entertained by the following gentlemen, Sunday, December 14:—
Music, Piano Solo.....	J. Lang.
Declamation, "True Wisdom",.....	J. Dabbelt.
Debate, Resolved:—"That Intemperance has caused more misery than War."....	Aff:—Messrs. E. Freiburger, M. Schumacher. Neg:—C. Daniel, J. Notheis.
Select Reading, "A Little Boy's Thoughts",.....	Mr. O. Knapke.
Local Review, (From all sides).....	Mr. J. Smith.
Recitation, "Polish Boy",	Mr. M. Bodine.
Cornet and Piano Duet, Mr. M. Helmig and J. Notheis.	
Farce:—"Yacob's Experience in a First Class Hotel"	
Landlord.....	Mr. J. Jones.
Yacob.....	Mr. L. Monahan.
A Policeman, under Brass,.....	Mr. J. Becker.
A Drummer, One of the Best on the Road,....	Mr. J. Smith.

Some parts of the program were entertaining and a success, others dry and lacking in polish. Messrs. Bodine and Smith deserve special commendation for their masterly delivery and stage position. The Columbians will discontinue their private programs until after the examinations in January. The meetings of the Society promise to be very lively in the future in consequence of the new spirit Mr. Honan's presence is putting into its members.

A. L. S. The Aloysians are busying themselves with the rehearsal of the play they intend to present in public before the holidays. They take pride in presenting regular bi-weekly programs, which fact will promise a great boon to their progress. Each member of the Society tries to out-do the other. With such emulation the Society cannot fail to prosper. I. A. W., '04.



It gives us pleasure to announce the following report of an Alumnus at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio.

On the 10th of the month, twelve alumni and members of the Congregation of the Precious Blood successfully passed their examinations for the holy priesthood. Their examiners were Rev. Fathers F. Quartman, Michael Mulvihill, and B. Dickman.

On the 14th, 15th, and 17th, Rt. Rev. Bishop Moeller, of Columbus, Ohio, conferred upon the candidates, the subdeaconship, the deaconship, and holy priesthood, respectively.

The following are the names of the newly ordained Fathers, the places and days on which they will respectively celebrate their First Mass.

Rev. Linus Stahl, at Hicksville, New York, on Xmas day.

Rev. Theobald Reitz, at Mary's Home, Indiana, on the 23rd of this month.

Rev. Simon Kuhnmuench, at the convent of the Sisters, C. PP. S., Maria Stein, Ohio, on the 23rd of this month.

Rev. Gerhard Hartjens, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Sedalia, Missouri, on Xmas day.

Rev. Arnold Weymann, at St. Peter and Paul's, Reading, Ohio, on Xmas day.

Rev. Theodosius Brackman, at the convent of C. PP. S., Cassella, Ohio, on the 26th inst.

Rev. Julian Meyer, at St. Aloysius', Carthagena, Ohio, on the 18th inst.

Rev. Eulogius Deininger, at Winamac, Indiana, on Xmass day.

Rev. Faustin Ersing, at St. Henry, Ohio, on Xmas day.

Rev. Vigilius Krull at St. Mary's, Dayton, Ohio, on Xmas day.

Rev. Vincent Muench, at St. Joseph's, Mishawaka, Indiana, on Xmas day.

Minor orders were conferred on the following alumni, who, we are happy to state, are also members of the C. PP. S.; namely:—

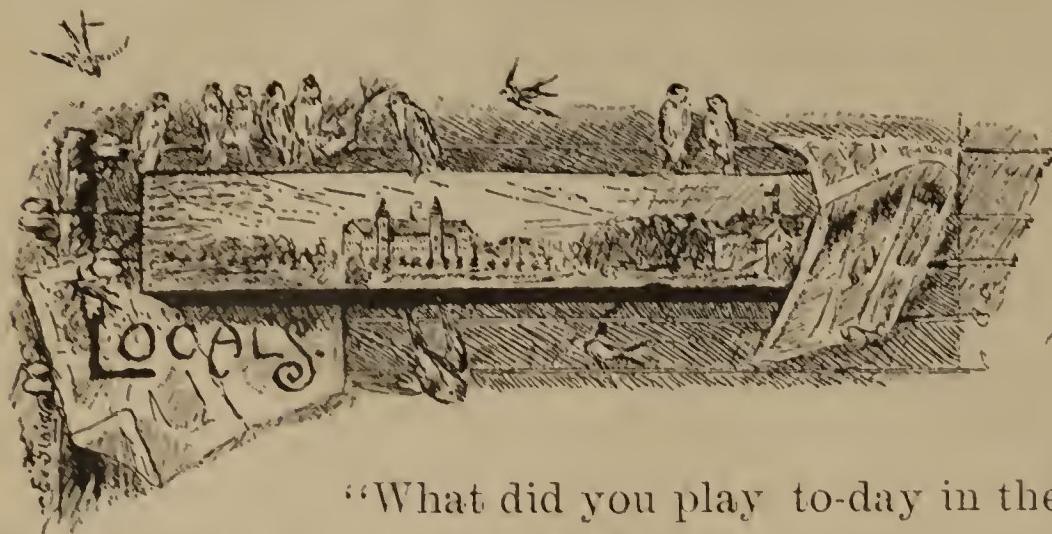
Theodore Saurer, Ildephonse Rapp, Vitus Schuette, Cantus Faist, Pius Kanney, Ambrose Dowd.
E. F., '03.

PERSONALS.

The following have been welcome visitors during the month:—

Very Rev. A. Dinnen, Lafayethe, Ind. Rev. J. Berg, Remington, Ind. Rev. Connelly, '97, Logansport. Ind. Rev. J. Bleckman, Michigan City, Ind. Very. Rev. L. A. Moench, of Valparaiso, Ind. Rev. J. B. Fitzpatrick, '96, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. Geo. Horstman, Reynolds, Ind. Rev. A. Buchheit, Wanatah, Ind. Rev. Geo. Schramm, La Porte, Ind. Rev. John Ganzer, S.J. St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, Ill.

J. A. B., '04.



"What did you play to-day in the Band, Ivo?" Ivo:—"Ah, Audrey March and some other songs."

Hurrah for the Christmas holidays!

The best bowling record so far on deck is 220 scored by L. Monahan.

Some think Bro. Herman likes cocoa, and Fitzie thinks the same.

"Doc" Shea stubbing his great toe, exclaimed, "Fan my foot, I sprained my ankle."

A good many of the students have been attacked with the nightmare quite regularly here of late.

A contrast:—(On the stage) King to fool; "Out of my sight or this sword shall make you lively."

(Behind the scenes) Fool to king: "Here, you freak, pull up that blame coat and fasten it up with this pin."

If iron were money, everybody would make a dive for that old stove leaning up against the rail fence in the yard.

Knapke got a pair of shoes with one dollar's worth of squeak, and he is since walking around as though he owned the whole world and a potato patch in Canada.

Since Vic has had the "grip" he looks like the afternoon shadow of somebody else.

John—"When does a man impose upon himself?

Schaefer—"When he over taxes his memory."

We all know what a beautiful voice Matthew has, yet Terence, his dearest friend, says that he sings like a shingle mill.

A mess call was sounded Sunday afternoon, Dec. 7, at 3:30, and Co. B filed into the refectory to partake of a delicious pie lunch.

"Sissy" Pryor does not think Bro. Prefect is entirely just, because he seems to show more attention to her than to the other boys.

Jones and his accomplices seem to have turned over a new leaf, for every night you see them saying evening prayers with the Religious.

Rieman is a firm believer in the proverb, "Never too old to learn," and demonstrated this fact by attempting to learn the art of skating the other day.

Felix is subject to epileptic fits, and while in one of them the other evening, he grabbed his toes and endeavored to thrust them into his vest pockets.

An elegant oyster supper was enjoyed by Co. C on the evening of Dec. 5. Capt. Goebel and the Major were the only staff officers present, the other members being on the sick list.

Photographs of the acrobats in their night shirts to be had at the chief turner's office for twenty cents a piece. Those having pictures pasted on both sides are of course of double prize.

The following impressive notice was hung up in the south side study hall. "Whoever found a back bone with a brass collar, please return to Knapke." He meant to say a brass collar button with a bone back.

Rogue was telling the boys in the dormitory the other night how Bro. Herman had once caught him talking in the dormitory, but he would not catch him again. Just then, "Probably that is what you think," replied Bro. Herman.

"If I were not Flavian I would wish to be Matthew," exclaimed Flavian, when he saw this energetic acrobat, in shirt sleeves with his breeches rolled up over his knees, taking his daily eleven o'clock spurt in the snow around the grove.

Tub claims that there is one thing he likes about politics. "You can tear out a man's vitals and hang them on a Christmas tree, and drag his Christian name in the mud three weeks before election, and as long as it is done for the good of the party, it is all right."

Dec. 2, Co. A enjoyed their day's outing at Remington. It proved to be an outing, for in the afternoon it began to rain and they were unable to return that evening. The boys camped in a warm and cozy hay loft. The return march was accomplished the next day. A jolly time is reported.

It was on the second day of December;
A day which Co. A will certainly remember,
For this is when they rode to Remington on hay,
And they there over night did stay.
They spent the night in a hay mow warm
And arrived home safely after the storm.

The other day Muhler was toiling laboriously up stairs with two pitchers of hot water and a towel slung over the shoulders and a tooth brush protruding from his vest pocket. When he was accosted with, "Whom are you going to scrub now?" He answered, "Why—er—Bryan is sick."

About three o'clock in the afternoon before breakfast just as the night was falling and breaking over the surrounding rail fences a man was loudly walking up and around the room in low guttural foot-steps with his hands folded behind his back reading a 'news' paper. — "A good beginning for a Christmas story," thinks Victor.

A FEW WANTS.

I read all about Shakespeare and like him pretty much.
Hence, I will use him in the following "as such".
Rogue as a Xmas present wants a few Gazettes,
And Cook would enjoy a few boxes of cigarettes.
For Frie just a barrel of sour krout—
He says, it makes one big and stout.
A basket of grapes for sober Joe Saccone,
Paul is satisfied with his little brother Tonie.
Joe and Howard simply want a private room—
This is all they desire, I presume.
Tuts will take a little dollie and be still.
A plug of 'J. T.' will suit "Licorice" Bill.
Doggie Keller a little pug is his only demand:
Sus won't kick the way things stand.
A book on jigging for Sullivan Jim;
A book on daffiness for Quinlan Tim.

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